HIMALAYAN SPORT AND JAPANESE CLIMBING.

IN AND BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS. A Record of Sport and Travel in the Abode of Snow. By S. J. Stone, late Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Western Circle, Northwest Provinces of India, Illustrated by Charles Whymper. Ocindia. Illustrated by Charles Wi-tavo, pp. xvi. 330. Edward Arnold.

MOUNTAINEERING AND EXPLORATION IN THE JAPANESE ALPS. By the Rev. Waiter Weston, late British Chaplain, Kobe, Japan, With maps and thirty-five flustrations. Octavo, pp. xvi, 346. Charles Scribner's Sons.

To the vicarious and sedentary traveller whose vision cheerfully extends from China to Peru, but whose feet are disposed to polse themselves in allppered case upon the fender, there has been something particularly edifying and more enduring sportsmen to travel into the unfamiliar Himalayan regions and among the peaks of the Orient. Switzerland can never be overdone, but we have certainly had an astonishing abundance of literature on the subject of its glaciers and generally inaccessible heights. It is a fresh and lasting pleasure to accompany Mr. Freshfield on his exploration of the Caucasus, or writers like those at present under review on their adventures in similarly remote and unknown scenes. Mr. Stone, for example, introduces us to things which have only recently been celebrated by travellers who could course of them at first hand. He writes of the Himalayan markhor, the ibex of the same picturesque region, the Tibetan nyan and wild which the author artlessly unfolds. yak, and if the reader fancies that these strange, uncouth syllables stand for animals hitherto neglected because they were inconsequent we can assure him that he is very much mistaken. Our hunter went in search of noble game, and he

found it in these fantastically named creatures. Mr. Stone took with him besides the traditional Englishman's hunting instinct a fund of a fan. He has climbed mountains in the central good humor, a nonchalant adaptation of his Japanese range which recall the gigantic peaks temper to circumstances, which is not so often encountered in the literature of sport. He has is true that the figures of these giants are not in perfection the sportsman's attitude of bland among the highest in the world. Hodakadake, resolution where the feibles of his servants on the loftiest granite peak in Japan, is only 10,150 the trail are concerned. When his coolies lagged feet above the sea. But what a relief it is to he birched their legs with "thin and stinging twigs from trees." The reader chuckles to learn after the dainty puerilities of those innumerfurther on that this seemed to endow the dilatory | able travellers who have seen in Japan only the men with perpetual motion, and that they so cherry trees, the gardens and the quaintness outstripped their employer on the march that of the natives. Dr. Weston gives us sufficient he was put to sore inconvenience in catching up anecdote concerning the latter. He tells us with them and his possessions. There is a delightful passage in which Mr. Stone describes the | taka, "the women's hill," whereon all the famimisadventure of his man Yakub, when a great lies are governed by the women folk, and there kiang had been brought down near the Indus. are notes all through his volume which point to and the native servant went wild with delight | careful observation of a picturesque people, But over the occurrence. "Yakub had a glorious the charm of this volume lies in its description spill," says our author, "off the small every of a beautiful, mountainous country, and in its small) Tibetan tattoo he was riding After having exhibitrating accounts of outdoor life among his shot, he mounted and galloped off to the dead kinng to get the skin. The carcase was Let the ardent cancelst read the passages deallying in a hollow, and the little pony did not see | ing with the voyage down the Tenryugawa in it till he nearly ran over it; the consequence was one of the native boats. "After having had a tremendous shy, and when I came up I found a struggling mass of man, tattee, dead king and my precious gun. It took some time to separate the component parts, and I was anxious about the gun." Apparently Mr. Stone had of about ten hours through one breathless succeshardly more solicitude for his aids than he had sion of seething, flashing water, amid rocks for the wild ass of the hills he had just killed. yet he leaves the impression that except for the extortions practised by the Himalayan people Dr. Westen is a less vivacious writer than Mr. and the sublime lies of which Tibetans espe- Stone, and his book is not so rich in incident as cially are capable, he met with admirable types | that on Himalayan sport, but the two works go of endurance, fidelity and quick wittedness well together, and are full of the same inspiraamong the hill folk upon whom he was compelled | tion, full of the same keen mountain airs and to rely for guidance and every-day services. In hints of nature's quiet grandeur. fact, the people at Marmal, on the road to Astor in Kashmir, his base of operations on his expedition for markhor, are interesting enough to claim precedence for a moment over the fourfooted subjects of his narrative.

These people live in what is well called "a most extraordinary fashion." They are so high up in the mountains that during the winter months they live under several yards of snow. How they accomplish this Mr. Stone does not tell us, but he describes their summer resource as consisting of two or three huts so roofed that the eaves slope down almost to the level of the ground, and planned with a cheerful indifference to sanitary Cattle and humans are sheltered under the same roof. Where these semi-savage beings, panoplied in hereditary dirt, became peculiarly interesting is in their remarkable docility. The hill people of India are usually spirited, and Mr. Stone provokes a wonder as to whether in his official capacity he had some special power of coercion over the inhabitants of Marmai. He wanted their help as carriers. When he arrived the men were invisible and the women were evasive as to the whereabouts of their protectors. A certain vigorous Kashmiri dakwala, or lettercarrier, happened to be on the ground. To him enter the village watchman, unsuspecting as a lamb. "The dakwala pounced on him at once. tied his arms behind his back, and with his alpenstock belaboured him . . . till he was tired. After this preliminary he spoke to him. The matter-of-fact way in which the Kotwal took this punishment was extraordinary; he was evidently used to it. With his arms tied, he was sent down to the river bank opposite the next village to shout for coolies" The imperturbable manner in which Mr. Stone followed up this victory and at last secured men enough from the hiding places in the huts to accompany him on his march must be grasped from the text direct to be appreciated. One more anecdote and we have done with the human side of Mr. Stone's narrative. On his way into the haunts of the markhor he passed a large flat rock which overhangs the Gilgit River. Under this rock Bhup Singh camped with a thousand men, forgetful that he was lying down in a rat-trap. Three Dard brothers blocked the men in, and when they had released their enemies on condition that they emerge unarmed from the shelter of the stone, they slew them all with the exception of two men from Hindustan. These leaped into the stream with their swords and swam down to Bunji, there to report as the sole survivors of Bhup Singh's regiment. There is the material for a ballad in that tragic episode. But Mr. Stone has no time for ballads, being

hot on the trail of the markhor. He appears to prefer the more patrician ibex to this splendid creature, and doubtless he is justified by the intrinsic beauty of the former, as well as by the greater difficulty of getting within gunshot of the game. The female ibex who watches for her companions is a miracle of keenness in sight and smell. But the markhor, nevertheless, strikes the eye as an animal qualified to hold its own with any of the creatures of the same region. He is ungainly compared with the ibex. tile, besides being delightfully placed. In the list and perhaps, from preferring to pass his life at a lower level than the latter, he is more sluggish of temper, therefore less lithe and graceful of action. But in his shaggy coat and long, dirtywhite hair he is, if Mr. Whymper's illustrations are to be believed, a more game-looking beast than Mr. Stone avers; and even the fastidious eye of this sportsman relents upon occasion. "A venerable buck," he admits, "standing solitary on a rock, contemplating the world below him, will make the blood of the most biase tingle in his veins; or a herd of long-bearded seniors, gravely crossing a patch of snow, perhaps just out of range, is a sight that will recur to mind for many a year after." The markhor is gifted with magnificent horns, great massive weapons rooted in a broad skull, and sweeping upward with a single twist until they reach as far as fifty or even sixty inches from base to tip. The pluck of the animal and his great wariness, compelling the sportsman to undergo severe privations in stalking him, is indicated by Mr. Stone's confession that the best trophies usually fall to "the goatherd's rickety matchlock." Mrs. Perkins notes that as portraits in oil and

The goatherd, "not many degrees less wild than his quarry," can bide his time and study the paths of his chosen animal. A sportsman like Mr. Stone must take his chances and pray for luck He must inure himself also to ticklish with silver ousting the once highly respectable are in hand.

manoeuvring along precipitous cliffs, among snowy rocks, which seem often to have no better foothold for the markhor than for the hunter, and perhaps the most refreshing thing about the present volume 's the picture it gives us of a man suffering all sorts of hardships for the few shots that ultimately fall to his rifle. The Himalayas are patchy as to their vegetation in those regions visited by Mr. Stone. He traversed chiefly a bleak and worse than inhospitable hunting-ground, meeting with much good fortune, but paying for it in terrific work. Icy winds tear across the frozen hills, and at the same time a hot sun scorches through the back of the hunter, who lies sometimes for hours watching through a telescope the movements of his game. The tremendous wild yak would be an impressive quarry under any circumstances, with his martial horns thrust out above welcome about that enthusiasm which has led a burly head. The ponderous body, not unlike that of a buffalo, swathed in long hair, leaves an impression of startling ferocity even in Mr. Whymper's little sketch. But to feel to the full the excitement of his infuriated charge one must see him outlined against the sky with the austere lines of the Himalayas behind him, around him, in the very crags at his feet. It is especially to Mr. Stone's credit that he revives the sense of a really grand and solemn background to his deeds of slaughter without saying much about it. The reader responds to the enthusiasm which urges the huntsman on after the fleeting ibex and the thunderous yak, but he leans back in his chair and finds most delight in the panorama of majesty and primeval solitude It is a more richly colored picture which Dr.

Weston presents in his book on the Japanese Alps, yet if we are indebted to him for one thing more than another it is for his wholesome refusal to support that decorative conception of Japan which has made even superb Fuji itself seem an acceptable motive for the adornment of of New-Zealand in their combre stateliness. It explore these noble heights with Dr. Weston particularly of one little settlement upon Onnathe rich valleys and wooded slopes of Japan. experience of nearly all the most famous rapids of this land of swift streams," says Dr. Weston, "I can safely affirm that all others are tame by comparison," and he goes on to describe a flight so confused to the unpractised eye that it seems incredible that the trip should be made in safety.

## OLD NEW-ENGLAND.

THE EARLY DAYS OF A QUAINT CON-NECTICUT TOWN.

OLD HOUSES OF THE ANTIENT TOWN OF NORWICH, 1960-1800, With Maps, Illustrations, Portraits and Genealogies. By Mary E. Perkins. Quarto, pp. xviii, 621. Norwich, 1895.

It is an old literary superstition that the raw material of history, as historical facts are commonly called, is somehow uninteresting, even tire some, until it has passed through the refining hands of an author. Sapient critics will draw the most elaborate distinctions between the hisidea is sound. Obviously a masterpiece of coordination is more precious than an impene ume by Mrs. Perkins reminds us that the raw without being turned into "history" at all. She has simply essayed to "give an account of the old houses of Norwich, their owners and occupants, from the settlement of the town to the year 1800." In the preparation of this survey she passes from house to house systematically and yet with a discurriveness in matters of anecdote and genealogical investigation, which makes her in the long run the author of a gathering of separate monographs, each monograph being in other words, a chapter. If they are interdependent in any degree it is due to a pervasive sentiment which hangs about Norwich as it does about old Cambridge; one may not describe it, but its presence is hardly less tangible to the stranger than to the heirs of its tra-

ditions. Those traditions descend from the year 1659. when a number of the inhabitants of Saybrook obtained permission from the General Court at Hartford to establish a formal settlement at Mohegan, which would appear to have been the name derived from the Indians who transferred the land to their white contemporaries. The settlement was enrolled as a legal township in 1662, but before that time the name had been changed to Norwich. Mrs. Perkins gives her reader a free choice between two hypotheses as to the motive which led to the departure of some thirty-five families from Saybrook to the new place. In President Stiles's diary it is said that the founders of Norwich were driven from Saybrook "by the immense crowds of crows and blackbirds which infested the fields in May and June." This seems less plausible than the theory that the region was favorable to settlement and good speculation. The term may seem a little removed in spirit from the familiar conception of our forefathers, but it is really accurate. Men were quite as shrewd in those days as they are o-day, and they might well have established Norwich for no better reason than that the thought the site a good one, likely to prove ferof founders given in this book appear names like and a hundred others of the same revealing Huntington or Bliss or Reynolds, which have ever since been important in local history. They signified in the Connecticut of the seventeenth | that it was in Norwich that the gallant Colonel century a solidity which seems to have clung to | and countless other interesting personages lived, Norwich to this day. It has always been a beau- and that they made their town a place of pleastiful town, but its attractions have never exceeded the dignified measure of a centre of grave virtues and careful, seemly manners. It was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that carpets were introduced and the wood carver's art was lavished upon the adornment of stairways, ceilings and wainscoted walls. Then, when a more luxurious taste began to develop, it from Lord Rosebery to the penny-a-liners, are gave to the highly decorous inhabitants, besides | clamoring for this thing or that until the poor large windows with square panes, in place of the small windows with diamond panes of an earlier day, all the handsome furniture which is to-day treasured by discerning Americans as among the most artistic relics of the Colonial we busy ourselves about him?" Why, indeed? One the small windows with diamond panes of an era. It gave them the tall clocks, the richly wrought chairs and cabinets, which offer such a people that unless Stevenson is put into some sort curious contrast in their ornate magnificence to

the chaste lines of our old Colonial architecture.

colored prints came in the old earthen and wood-

pewter. The houses in which these changes were taking place began to get themselves painted at about the same time. A cheerful red was generally used, though other colors were often encountered. From the start Norwich was prosperous. Yet it took cautiously to its luxuries. Only six gigs were owned in the town during the Revolution, and while the garments of the people seem delightfully picturesque to modern eyes they were regarded for a time at least as on the whole subdued in style by those who wore them.

This we gather from the fact that so early as 1676, when Norwich was in its very childhood, a law was framed and passed in the State which offered a decisive check to anything like extravagance or giddiness in costume. It forbade any one with an estate of less than £150 to indulge in gold or silver lace, gold buttons, ribbons, bone-lace, etc., except the families of public officials, military officers, and those who had been reduced from a state of affluence." For a time the men contented themselves with the dress familiar in pictures of the Pilgrims and the women restrained their fancy, but it was not long before sumptuary legislation met its usual fate, and, possibly from the very existence of a law against it, people arrayed themselves with the more elegance. The men wore fashionable small clothes then, powdered their hair, carried three-cornered hats, had their waistcoats made of silk or velvet, richly embroidered, and their wives and daughters were always a little ahead of them in the decorative style of their garments. Some of the feminine customs of the day were attacked with something more eloquent than the law The history of the "calash" affords an instance. "The hair was powdered and brushed high over an under-cushion stuffed with wool, which necessitated for street wear the calash, an immense silken structure ribbed with whalebone, which could be pulled and stretched at will over the mountain of hair and which bobbed and swayed with every motion of the wearer." No elaborate law, pondered and set forth by solemn jurists, was required to bring the calash into disfavor. Here are some verses from a Norwich paper of 1780:

Hail, great Calash! o'erwhelming veil, By all-indulgent heaven, To sallow nymphs and maldens stale, In sportive kindness given. Safe hid beneath thy circling sphere, Unseen by mortal eyes. The mingled heap of oil and hair And wool and powder lies.

Mrs. Perkins is not explicit as to the result of this assault, but the inference is that the calash had its day, and swiftly departed. The ladies of Norwich were exacting in their tastes. They could not have long endured either the calash or the hoop, which was also introduced in the eighteenth century. The town touches the imagination as a place in which the inhabitants were always "of good family," as the phrase is, and in which time never quenched a certain feeling for the repose and distinction of a well-bred community. Sometimes the desire for dignity of carriage and expression leaves us amusing records of what life could mean to some young minds a century ago. Perkins quotes from the journal of Abigail Reynolds these observations, solemnly inscribed in her teens: "I have seated myself down to contemplate the vanity of all human enjoyments, to read the book of Nature, and beholde the misteries of Divine Providence. Nature has put on its lovelyest charmes, and smiles in all its gayest attire" There is more, which is equally quaint, but it is impossible to follow at length the excursions made by Mrs. Perkins into the old letters and other documents of her delightful Norwich. They are too numerous, Moreover, if space must be found for one more citation, it must be given to Mr. Daniel Hubbard, a lawyer, who was graduated from Yale in 1727, and has been described as "of upright He and honored life, religious and poetic." loved the daughter of "Mr. Jhon Coit att N-London," and the letter in which he asked that gentleman and his spouse for the hand of his adored one is too good a specimen of early eighteenth century floriture to be omitted here. He writes: "Honored Sir & Madm, J blush & tremble on my knees while J study how to approach your Presence, to ask of you a Blessing for which J have long address'd ye Skies. From my first Acquaintance at your House I have torian and the patient person who brings him wish'd my Happiness thence, nor have I yet melancholy is pure morbidness. They hug their found it in my power to seek it from an Other My careful Thoughts with ceaseless Ardors commend ye Affair to that Being, who alone inspires a pure & refined Love. The Eye-Lids of ye Morning discover me in my secret Places, with my first devotions solliciting ye dear immaterial aforesald can be rendered fascinating portant Cause; and ve Evening-Shades are conscious to ye Vows J make for ye fr Creature, who next to Heaven holds the Empire of my Heart." The florid Daniel, with his "Eye-Lids of ye Morning," was finally successful in his suit, it is comforting to know, but fate is sadly tronical. His "partner soul" not only survived him, but married, in 1744, Thomas Greene, and it was with the latter that Copley painted her in a portrait which is preserved to-day in Cambridge. Thus we have no more concrete souvenir of Daniel, "religious and poetic," than this

pathetic love letter. It would be difficult to give without copious illustrations an adequate idea of the variety to be found in the crowded pages of this book. Mrs. Perkins passes from one "home-plot" to the next, and nothing could be more judiciously ordered than her recapitulation of what might be called the landmarks in Norwich's personal history. But, after all, the personalia is the thing, and there is something more attractive about Dr. Lee, who "could hop forty feet at three bounds," than there is about even the most historical fragment of topography in the annals of the town. We believe Mrs. Perkins will be of immense service to the student of early New-England life. To special lovers of Norwich she must be the most welcome writer of many years. But the driest and most pedantic reader of her work, as well as the mos sentimental of the dwellers in Norwich, will succumb to the temptation which is certainly irresistible to the reviewer, the temptation to glide imperceptibly from one anecdote to an other until such a utilitarian thing as history such a trying thing as system, is quite forgotten and only a sense of enchanting old life is left. There was Colonel Simon Lathrop, famous for enterprise and business sagacity. When some laborers were discussing one day the proba bility of there being land in the moon, it was one of his negroes who spoke up and said: "Poh! Poh! no such thing-ne land, there, I'm sure. If ever there was, Massa have a farm there before now!" The reader smiles over this episode character, and forgets exactly where the La throp homestead was. One remembers simply ant memories, thoroughly American, thoroughly representative of a striking period in the history of the Nation.

The battle continues to rage over the memoria to Stevenson. No one seems to know exactly the form that it bught to take and all sorts of people author over whom the fuss is being made must writte if he is conscious of it all. The one fact would think from the anxiety of the memorial-mad of a monument to-morrow all record of him will fade from the earth, men will wonder who Stevenson was and Those Who Always Knew His Word colored prints came in the old earthen and wood-en ware of the settlement went out, and china the way, is to have a memorial in Westminster was conspicuous in the stately old cupboards. Abbey some day. It is not there yet, but the funds

THE MARK OF THE CELT.

ITS RARITY IN CONTEMPORARY CELTIC FICTION.

GREEN FIRE. A Romance. By Flona Macleod. Octavo, pp 287. Harper & Bros. THE SIN-EATER AND OTHER TALES AND EPISODES. By Flona Macleod. Duodecimo, pp. 289. Chicago. Stone & Kimbati.

THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. By Jane Helen Findiater. Octavo, pp. 241. Dodd. Mead & Co

THE GRAY MAN. A Novel. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. Octavo, pp. 406. Harper & Bros. KATE CARNEGIE. By Ian Maclaren. Octavo, pp. 258. Dodd, Mend & Co.

ROBERT URQUHART. By Gabriel Setoun. Octavo, pp. 339. R. F. Fenne & Co. The Celt's birthright is of the spirit and the thing which sets him apart from other racial types is a quality which has no more to do with mere rhetoric than it has with his everyday methods of living. This point cludes many of our Celto-maniaes, and they have edited the world by raptures over ordinary, stupid English books which have been about as Celtic as so many reports from the secretary of a Green Grocers' Debating Society. It is end-of-the-century to be Celtic, just as it is end-of-the-century to be a little decadent, a little lisene, a little of anything that tries to obscure inherent puerility by high-sounding words Hence even the Scot, who was once proud of that name, is now a little prouder when he is called a Celt, and likes to talk about the "Celtle strain" in himself and his fellows. The curious part of it is that their works are the most exquisitely non-Ceitle productions that were ever written, stories which there is not a gilmmer of that spirit to which we have alluded. Mis. Fiona Macleod gives an excellent illustra-

tion of what one true Celtic genius is. Incidentally she helps us to see what it is not, for comparison of her work with that of many of her contem-poraries shows them in a sorry plight; shows them, that is, in their rightful colors. The reader who wants to know what the Celtic spirit is would far better turn to "Green Fire," or the little volume of shorter pieces which is specialed above, than to believe in any of the formulae offered him by the critics. It is not intended, indeed, up the present occasion, to bring forth any Ceitle formula. The secret of Cellie beauty, which is to say the secret of that poetic glamour which attuches to vertible Celtic things, is the mysterious secret of all instinctive poetry, all artless beauty It exhales from the genius of the race like the wild fragrance of some hardy flower nurtured amid mountain streams and near the shadow of deep forests. One may feel it; one cannot put it into words. To analyze it is like framing epigrams upon the grandeur of the sca. No one has ever tried successfully to put the manie of Elizabethan poetry into a definition. No one need try to describe the Celtic genius with precision. The most that can be said of it is that it means a peculiarly obscure and fitfully passionate way of drenching the substance of life in immediation, in seeing the world through eyes that are perfectly confident of seeing some day into the dark places of nature. The Celt is a born romanticist. Facts are to him invariably symbolic. He treads all his life on enchanted ground, and the daily round of finable forces of the elements. He is superstitious, he is a dreamer, he is everything in the world that is not commonplace. But when all this has been said the Celt remains unsolved and the judiciou reader concludes to simply take him as he finds him, thanking heaven for his incomparable witch-

Miss Macleod confirms this forcibly in her two books of romance. She gives us very little uncouth speech-she leaves that specious nonsense for the writers who can move with greater deliberation. She sends her imagination fiving through the woods and along the coasts of Bri her narrative moves, she has drama, charactor feeling, and running through it all she has Celtle, but is too rare and too magical to be ever described on a label. Color flames in her pages The situations themselves are picturesque, new and stirring, but their setting is almost as impres sive, the romantic figures moving always amid scenes that would be called fairy-like if they were not so true. If the reader, we repeat, wants to know just what the Celife spirit is, let him seek it in Miss Macleod. She has her little affectations of literary style, now and then, but in the main she is true to her inspiration, one that means romance, poetry, mystery, the tangle of the wildwood and the cry of the hawk over haunted val-

Beneath all Celtic feeling, even though it be pitched on the highest note of gladness, there runs a steady stream of pensive metancholy. In writers who take their Celtic selves very seriously this in which the effort to be pathetic is so desperate a

to provoke laughter. Miss Findlater's story is about a brainless widow, two artificial and deadly dull "little girls"—daughters of the widow—and a drunken pries; who is also a vapid sentimentalist, She gets these people together at Balgowrle in the last century, shows the two girls growing more and more affected and dult year after year, and kills them both off at last with an air, as who should say: "Behold the art of this thing. Given two little girls, a crazy mother and a lover, with a picturesque onl house for them to live in, and I can melt you to tears." Now, there is not a genuine tear to be extorted by this book. It is in the last degree sophisticated. The Celtic twilight in which the author bathes her scenes is manufactured as obviously as the midnight gloom in a modern melodrama-and the machinery does not work so well.

udo-Celt at his best. Here the machinery runs riot and churns into the most astonishing mess some fragments from Scottish annuls, a great deal author's literary taste, and countiess clots of the shibboleth which, as has been said, is to the Celtomaniac-and some "Ceits"-what "heather" is to Mr William Black. The reaction against realism of which we have heard so much is a noble thing but it makes the reader wince when it gives him, under the pretence of romance, such a farrago of blood and thurder as Mr. Crockett has set forth. It is all very well to talk about the "heartsome" town of Ballastrae and to say that a man had to "adventure" from one point to another when he merely had to "go" on a journey, but the clash of deadl, weapons grows wearisome after a while. Why are weapons always deadly? Why do they always clash? The new romantic novelist may know, but no one else does. Mr. Crockett talks in what we are to bell we is the speech of the Celt. It is really the talk of a Wardour-st, 'prentice, and though "romance" is writ across every page in flaming col-ors, it somehow falls to touch the imagination with the first hint of the thing itself.

Romance is not an affair of pasteboard helmets and spectacular whacks which are healed by the kisses of a "chatelaine." Neither is it the special property of the "young girl budding into w hood," nor of the youth with "the first godlike impulses of a man struggling in his storm-tost soul." Rubbish! But, the truth having gone abroad, that Romance is one of the richest possessions of the Celt, every writer with a shadow of a claim to the racial designation begins to scent "romance," if eradventure it be anywhere within the purview of his eagle eye. In Mr. Crockett's case the "ronance" develops pasteboard helmets, as bove, and similar obfusilizations. With lan aren, in "Kate Carnegie," it hinges upon the do h roes who might stand on their heads in the teeth of a December gale and never persuade the world that they were anything but prigs. "Kate Caracgie has some amusing passages in it, the little the world of contemporary letters. fragments of the author's observation among the rural Scottish clergy, for example; but the heroine Schographic form and Carmichael, for all his muscle, has not the spinal attribute which in books or out of them we call character. The book is full of what are popularly known as "character studies." But portretture which consists of an incomprehensible finiect, playing about types in themselves commonplace, is not so alluring as our respect for some happy strokes of Izn Maclaren's pen else-where would have led us to expect.

The hero of "Robert Urquhart" is another pris and while it may be true that men like him exist "three mi e i' the wast side o' Blairbogie," we see no reason why they should disport themselves in novels. The plot of this book, like that of "Kate Carnegie," is conventional and uninjeresting to a degree which is calculated to leave the reader in a state of gnawing forfornness. Here are more "character studies" of the kailyard sort, studies in which an opaque idiom takes the place of civilized speech, and hard, bloodless "types" are substituted | Road, Putney, S. W., London,

for human beings. Here is "pathos" of the kailyard kind, and here are "romance" and "pict-uresqueness," likewise of the latest Celtic variety. As a mere matter of fact, the book has no imagination, no insight into character, no feeling for beauty in thought or style. And these writers call themselves Celts! If they have Celtic blood in their veins they have certainly omitted to put it into their books. They have filled these productions with the artifice of a "school," and of a school of mediocrity at that.

## LITERARY NOTES.

It is pleasant to find a new writer whose particular attractiveness in matters of local color is not the chief motive of his work. Mr. E. W. Hornung is such a man. His latest book, "The Rogue's March," has drawn special attention to itself, but all his studies of life in the Antipodes have had life in them. He has celebrated adventures in the bush without relying too much upon



the bush itself for his effect. Readers of Mr. Rolf Boldrewood, for example, will recall the manner in which it is possible to write of Australia with such passion for local color that in the long run the characters in the book become not human but -Australian. Mr. Hornung is a young man, and is therefore not yet to be finally weighed, but thus far he has shown the most admirable discretion. stories are fresh, vigorous performances, and he has done much to make Australia more tangible in fiction than it has often been before.

In a review of Mr. Lothrop's recently published life of Seward it was observed in The Tribune that "we had hoped to learn from this volume why it was that during the winter prior to Lincoln's inauguration Seward maintained such serene conadence that the dangers would scon blow over." A correspondent offers a commentary on this passage. He writes: "In the spring of 1861 the writer was in Washington, and there met the late Hon. Richard S. Field, afterward appointed by Mr. Lincoln United States District Judge for the State of New-Jersey. In the course of conversation Mr. Seward's opinion or expression was referred to. and then Mr. Field made the following statement: He said that he was a guest at a dinner party at the house of Mr. Edwin A. Stevens at Hoboken, N. J., a short time before, at which Mr. Seward and other gentlemen were also guests. One of them asked Mr. Seward his reason for being of such an opinion. He said: 'Do not ask me,' and endeavored to evade a reply. But upon being pressed further for an answer he finally said: 'Because I North would."

The heraldic specialist retained by "Punch" has wreaking himself upon a co "Lord K-pl-ng of Mandalay," with the result



ing is funny, but not any funnier than this description of the shield:

Arms. Quarterly: lst. a review laudatory richly deserved dulte proper; 2d an heraldic jungle-bok rampant under several leadars or mem-salibs or words to that effect; 3d, a lordly elephint a pilin' teak; 4th, an argot-mautical vessel (in verse) in full sale, classed Al at Lloyd's, charged with 4 curso of technicalities all warranted genuine. cargo of technicalities all warranted genuine. Crest: On a charger argent the head of a publisher urgent. Supporters: Dexter, a torumy atkins in all his glory, arrayed proper by a plain tailor from the hills; sinister, a first-class fighting man or fuzzy of the Soudan, regardant sable on a British square charged with an élan of effrontée.

Some time ago it was said diffidently in some quarters that Mrs. Flora Steel would probably prove to be a serious rival to Mr. Kipling in the treatment of Indian life. Lately some English reviews have taken up the song, and we are told that "On the Fare of the Waters" is a masterplece, a novel in which the events of the time of the Mutiny are handled with remarkable power. The American public will soon have a chance to judge for itself, as the book will be published here next month by the Macmillan Company.

writes so well that he is almost unbearable to the smaller men in English journalism. It is quite the thing to mention him as "the amateur genius," to shake the head solemnly over his "fatal facility," and now one of the young men to whose lucubrations Mr. Lang has made allusion has

arisen to tell the following story:

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been mer in an English Village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been nired for me I noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing. I mentioned the river to my landlady.
"Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here-many people come here for fishing."
"What kind of people come here?" I asked distractedly.

"Literary gentlemen come here?" I asked dis"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir;
we had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."
"Oh, really does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"
"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."
"Really! Does he carch much?"
"No, sir, he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."
The argudents is the carches anything of the fishes beautifully."

The anecdote is diverting in what it tells us of Mr. Lang, but it is still more amusing in what it tells of Mr. George Moore. His assidulty in sending the tale to the press reminds us anew of the Grub Street yelpings which follow Mr. Lang up and down the English prints. Why are the mediocrities so "down on" him? He makes mistakes, of course, but he is so far above his usual detractors in scholarship, in poetic feeling, in literary skill, in taste, in everything that goes to make a man of letters, that it would be instructive to get at the real reason for the outery against him. Why should a person like George Moore attempt to tell anecdotes at Lang's expense? It is merely silly

and impertinent. There is too much said in this vein about a writer who is worth a dozen George Moores, and the silliness is spreading to America. It is not un-common to hear Lang patronized here by writers who are unworthy to tie his literary shoestrings The thing is noticeable, and pitiable, because implies such a hopeless insensitiveness to the true value of things admirable and dignified. It would be nice to see some of the wiseacres who think

The "Saturday Review" has put likelf right on the subject of Mr. Stephen Crane, a writer over whom it had threatened to become hysterical. It still clings loyally to "The Red Badge of Courage," but it draws the line at "Maggie," especially resenting the comparison of that book to Mr. Hardy's which has been made by Mr. Howells, The "Saturday" scarifies "Maggie" in a paragraph which concludes with the amiable observation that "from the artist's point of view the bo badly done as one of Landscer's human dogs."

The author of "The Heavenly Twins" has been working steadtly on her new novel and has made considerable progress, but it is not expected to appear for another year.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell is preparing a memoir of Caristina Rosectti and is advertising for such fragments of her correspondence as may be adrita about the world. His address is No. 33 Carlton

LONDON LITERARY NOTES, THE BOOKS OF THE YEAR-AMERICAN COMPETITION-UTILITY OF THE SHORT SENTENCE.

London, December 15. The publishers unite in declaring that the year now drawing to a close has been prolific in literary activity. Of the making of books there has been no end; but, while the presses have been in constant motion and the lists of new and old editions have been long and pretentious, few important contributions have been made to the world's working stock of thought, Activity in the book trade does not necessarily imply either inspiration or original energy in the library. It has been a year of pot-boilers, and the printers have been busy. The great literary artists of the day have been waiting for flashes of inspiration which have not come

The most notable literary event of the year has been the completion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology." It marks the consummation of his exposition of a system of synthetic philosophy and brings to a close the lifework of perhaps the greatest, certainly the most original, thinker of the Victorian period of letters. It is a memorable event which does much to dignify and ennoble the intellectual life of the year. Its unique importance is disclosed by comparisons with the Duke of Argyll's "Philosophy of Bellef" or Mr. Gladstone's "Studies" of Bishop Butler, which have been the most pretentious undertakings in the highest regions of philosophic thought. The intellectual poverty of the year has been

unerringly disclosed by the poetry. The appointment of a Poet Laureate ought, perhaps, to have been a source of inspiration; but it has seemed to exercise a depressing effect upon the English muse. The Post Laureate has published a new volume, but he has done nothing to justify his appointment. Possibly he has been warned by his indiscretion in allowing himself to be drawn too cagerly into a lyric on Jameson's Ride, without taking the precaution of submitting it to the censorship of Mr. Chamberiain at the Colonial Office; and he may be holding himse'f in reserve for the ceremonial functions of the incoming year. Other poets have either been silent or have been fumbling on the strings which once responded to the touch of master artists. Mr. Swinburne has written only one poem, and that has hardly been worthy of his reputation. The most popular book of poems of the year has been Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas," which has appealed strongly to English imagination. Mr. William Watson has been industrious, but his sonnets on "The Purple East" have a theatrical ring, with an unpleasant crash of stagemade thunder behind the scenes. When the retrospect of the English literary

year is closed-and it must be a rapid and imperfect view, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a correct perspective of what is so close at hand -there is nothing to dispirit American fellowcraftsmen or to prevent renewed arder in honorable emulation with their English associates, The new copyright system is sometimes described as a method of encouraging and enriching English authors, especially flction writers, believed that if the South did not back down the at the expense of American rivals. That is a shallow invention of ignoble minds. American writers of force and character would not be benefited if the home market were flooded with pirated editions in violation of the Eighth Commandment. They cannot be placed at a disadvantage if their English rivals are paid for their literary property instead of being plundered through lack of international comity. Their relative rank in the literary world is raised and their calling is dignified by a system of international morality which gives to every author, whatever may be his nationality, his just dues. When, moreover, a critical estimate is made of the output of a year's intellectual activity in England, like that which is now ending, there is small reason for discouragement on the part of American authors. There have been many hundreds of new books, for English literature is now a great trade; yet it has been a barren year without the inspiration of original genius. American competition, far from being impossible or even arduous, is made easy by these low levels

THE INDUSTRY OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

Whatever may be said of the average character of the literary product of the year, it is nevertheless true that the leading English writers of the day are most laborious workers. American publisher said to me not long ago: "Our novelists at home complain because we publish so many English novels. We have to prejudice against home talent. We do everything in our power to develop it. But it is a matter of fact that our own novelists are content to dash off stories instead of writing, rewriting and constantly revising them, as the best English fiction writers are doing." That was an expert opinion from one who had compared manuscripts and proof sheets. Certainly it cannot be doubted that the English novelists who are doing the best work are most laborious and painstaking in all their literary processes. Mrs. Humphry Ward is among the slowest of writers, and revises every page many times. Mr. George Meredith's refinement of style is the result of continuous labor. Mr. Hall Caine carries a plot for a story in his head for two years before he writes a line, and then he makes three distinct drafts of the book, enlarging each version until final revision becomes possible. Sarah Grand has already written her new story twice, and she has taken it to Spain for a third revision during the winter. The English fiction writers at least know how to work, even if they do not always succeed in surpassing their own best achievements.

A well-known man of letters from America, who has been passing through London on a holi-day journey, remarked to me a day or two ago: "I am eager to return to New-York, where ago: "I am eager to return to New-York, where there are short sentences in the newspapers. I have been reading the London leaders for a fortnight and am hungering and athirst for a short sentence. Sententious writing seems to be a lost art in England." If this eager searcher after conciseness of style had attended Mr. Zangwill's lecture on the drama last night before the London Institution, he would have found his heart's desire. Nearly every sentence was a short one. The address fairly sparkled with epigrams.

What was the precise aim of this address on

sparkled with epigrams.

What was the precise aim of this address on "The Drama as an Artistic Product" I shall not undertake to explain. It was the work of a free lance, whose hand was raised indiscriminately against playwright, actor, critic and playager. Everything was grist that came to his mill, and the grinding was exceeding small. His own method was artistic, even if his criticism were marciless and his tone cynical. For an hour he entertained his audience with

short, sententious phrases and epigrams. MR. ZANGWILL'S APPRECIATIONS.

Mr. Zangwill's closest approach to enthusiasm was made when he referred to Shakespeare as great to be nationalized; or when he credited Ibsen with ordering an advance in stage construction; or when he praised Mr. Gilbert's comic operettas as the most artistic thing which the modern drama had to show. Otherwise he employed himself mainly in exposing the hypecrisy and cant of current dramatic criticism. "The players," he said, "were dead and buried. Their plays were dead and printed. You could buy them at a shilling a dozen, like esses and they were mostly bad. Greek dramatists," he continued, "trained their own actors. English actors trained their own dramatists," A modern play contained "an ounce of sin, a pound of sorrow and a pint of chestnuts."

The London fog seems to permeate most of the English which one reads and hears from day to day. The leaders in the newspapers are marvels of circumlocution. Political oratory in and out of Parliament lacks simplicity, directness and transparency of style. The short sentence seems to have disappeared from current literature with Matthew Arnold. This reminds me of the explanation given not long ago by an American journalist for his visiting London in the winter. He said that he had been overworking during the last political canvass and was suffering struction; or when he praised Mr. Gilbert's

journalist for his visiting London in the winter. He said that he had been overworking during the last political canvass and was suffering from insomnia. "I now read every evening," he added, drowsily, "the editorial page of 'The London Times," and I sleep like a child." London had never before been described to me as a sanitarium.

I. N. F.